



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1803.

THE NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN.

IN the west of England, a few years since, resided an old gentleman, whose integrity and universal benevolence did honor to human nature.

Mr. Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was descended of the great Allen of Somerset-shire, so justly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of *Tom Jones*, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr. Robert Allen possessed every virtue of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praise. To relieve every object of distress within his reach: to instruct the ignorant: to comfort the afflicted: to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and to rectify the prejudices of his neighbors, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to lose, in his youth, a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he sustained with the most exemplary patience, and christian resignation.

Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life, having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once, in every three years, he constantly visited London, merely on account of transacting his money matters; otherwise, it was with great reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do good to every individual, so he made every incident in life, contribute, by some means, to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode, during his stay in London, at the house of an honest tradesman near Temple-Bar: solely, because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen. And for a course of years after he had given signal proofs of his integrity and industry in his business, which was that of a haberdasher. Mr. Robert Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteely:—the first floor of which he always occupied, whenever his affairs called him to London.

Mr. Lewis (the name of the haberdasher) was about the age of his venerable friend. He had, since he last saw him, buried his wife, a very notable good woman, and for his sins, if I may be allowed the expression, had been married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality of either head or heart. She tossed up her nose at all her neighbors, and was as proud as any woman of quality. She had wheedled her old man, as she called her worthy husband, to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging upon Highgate hill, for the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, she had a little kind of rout, every Thursday, in the apartments of the first floor.

A few days before one of those brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he would be in town the Thursday following, and hoped those apartments he had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher shewed his wife the letter; and remonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her weekly meeting: but she cut him short, with saying, it was absolutely impossible; for that she had sent cards to her company for two months before, and that the PARTIES were all made; that she should make no fuss about this old country gentleman, for that he must e'en take up his lodging up two pair of stairs.

The poor husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the house at the time he appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thursday evening, was surprised, on his alighting from his carriage, to see his dining room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up stairs, to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occasion) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon

retired to bed, but that sweet repose, which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he was now a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart until after midnight; and he might as well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel, as in such a confusion of voices.

They were at length no sooner departed, than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed, though from a very different cause. It was now from the room over his head that proceeded sounds which prevented getting any sleep. He heard, though such indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of a press-infant, and the frequent sobbings of a dejected woman.

As these melancholy sounds came of the chief part of the night, his comfort that it was the unhappy sufferer (whoever she was) was extremely excited. No man surely had more of what Shakespeare calls "a milk of human kindness," than Mr. Allen; he therefore felt for every being in distress. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when, by break of day, he distinctly heard the voices of several children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding it impossible to get any sleep; and after employing an hour in his devotions and meditations rang for his breakfast; soon after which, Mrs. Lewis, herself, made her appearance, and said she was much afraid he had been disturbed by a parcel of squalling brats who lodged over his apartment.

"I have been in pain (said the humane man) for some person who seemed in distress: pray, madam, is there a family?—I thought I heard some little folks."

"Yes, sir, there is a family, indeed, of beggars, for any thing I know to the contrary—surely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be seen than are the children; and the mother, from her appearance, I judge to have been a common street-walker, if she is not one now—Never did I see such a tattered figure! But my husband is the greatest fool in the world, or he never would have taken them in. I was, unfortunately, at my country lodgings when he simply took them under his roof."

"Have you seen this poor woman and her little ones?" (asked Mr. Allen very gravely, who was not a little displeased with some words in the above speech of his landlady) have you visited her in her affliction?"

"I visit her, sir! no indeed: I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my third story. As to letting lodging to genteel families, as I am low spirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the house, but as to a set of beggars! why, maid Patty informs me this woman is often some days without a morsel of bread."

"Indeed! (interrupted Mr. Allen) and do you suffer a human being in your house to endure the extremity of hunger? Mercy on me!"

Mrs. Patty (who then entered the room) was asked by her mistress if she had seen the woman up stairs lately."

"Not I, indeed madam! I think her ragged silk gown plainly shows what she has been, and what she is: I see her! not I truly. I stands upon my character; she may be a street-walker, for what—"

She was going on, but Mr. Allen, shocked at the inhumanity of both the mistress and maid, signified he was going to be which they departed.

BUT who might have thought indeed that it bids fair, by her dress, had been one of I love the lady class which her rigid virtue But when you so cautious of avoiding; for her Here op'd rich was a tawdry gauze cap, with These ed ribbands, and a dirty linen gown, Thrown through the pocket holes, did not greatly recommend her appearance.

When the good man had got rid of these inhuman wretches, he stood like the imitable figure of Garrick in king Lear, for some moments aghast; and like that good old king, could not help exclaiming,

"Are these women!"

Is there any cause in nature for such hard hearts?"

"Good heavens! (continued he) by what method can I relieve these poor wretches? Three days without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every day! I must think of some way to relieve the distress of this unhappy woman without wounding her delicacy. She may be, possibly, a person of family, and reduced from affluence to struggle with the miseries of poverty; something must be done, and soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE HIVE.

SKETCH OF CHARLES THE XII, OF SWEDEN.

THERE is, perhaps, no object which so particularly engages our attention, as the history of any great or extraordinary man. The relation of his actions interests every

feeling of our hearts; it excites our admiration of his virtues and our emulation to imitate them, as well as our pity for his weaknesses. We sympathize with him, in his misfortunes; and, when he experiences the smiles of prosperity, we rejoice with him.

The life of no monarch recorded in the page of history, is more interesting, than that of CHARLES the twelfth, king of Sweden. In his character we do view that of a great man; but certainly, as the most extraordinary one that ever existed, he stands pre-eminently conspicuous in the catalogue of renowned heroes. It has even been considered as a remarkable circumstance, that the infancy of this prince never discovered any thing that might have led his subjects to cherish the most distant hope of his future greatness. The only trait that particularly distinguished the character of his youth, was his inflexible obstinacy. As this always prevented him from receiving advice, so he was never known to have suffered his mind to be drawn off from any thing that he had once resolved to effect. Indeed, so unfavorable an impression did the early years of this monarch's life leave on the minds of his people, that they could not be convinced he possessed any talents; they viewed him rather as a person of but very indifferent capacity.

With pain, they beheld him given up to the most effeminate passions, regarding pleasure and amusement as the only occupations worthy his attention: In fine, unwilling to receive advice or persuasion, the monarch from whom they had every thing to expect, afforded them only a continued cause of chagrin and disappointment.

The death of his father placed him, however, at the early age of fifteen, on a throne; equally respected at home and abroad—absolute and undisturbed master of a vast empire—surrounded by able ministers and loyal subjects. But, like the early part of his youth, the commencement of his reign only confirmed their former opinion of him. In all their views, with regard to the domestic affairs of his dominions, he disappointed their wishes: and the unhappy Swedes, knowing his determined obstinacy and excessive intolerance, had not the faintest gleam of hope remaining; but had only to dread the consequences of both.

Yet, fortunately for the Swedish monarch, as well as his people, an occasion offered of displaying his hitherto-concealed talents.—Alarmed by the threatenings and machinations of three united and powerful princes, he was suddenly awakened from the lethargy into which he had long since fallen. This event furnished Charles with an opportunity of aggrandizing his character;—it called forth all the powers and energies of his mind, which, till now, had lain dormant; and, like the hidden fire of the flint, only required an exciting cause, to bring them into action.

The preparations of these powers for immediate war, however alarming to his ministers and subjects, Charles regarded with a seeming indifference; and undauntedly avowed their final destruction.

The almost instantaneous reformation of their young prince, was a circumstance which the Swedes beheld with a mixture of joy and astonishment. A renunciation of all the follies and vices of his youth, as well as his firm determination to abstain from every thing unmanly, could not but gain him the universal applause of his people. His assiduous care for the preservation of his domestic administration, before he emerged into the troubles of a foreign war—they regarded as a favorable omen. Neither the season of the year nor the greatest inclemencies of the weather, prevented him from the prosecution of his designs. In the depth of winter, with a small but resolute army—all equally ambitious of fame, with their leader, and ready to undertake any enterprize that would acquire it—he appeared at the town of Narva. This was the scene of action of that memorable battle, in which, with the disproportionate numbers of four to forty thousand, Charles entirely defeated his enemy. The successful issue of this engagement did not, however, gratify his ambition; it only prompted him to the projection of nobler dangers: From his firm and resolute determination of dethroning the king of Poland, he never would desist; till, finally, after many contests in which his usual good fortune attended him, he completed his grand design.

At length, in the pride of his greatness, whilst he was engaged in the conquest of Norway, at the little town of *Frederickshall* which he was besieging—having gone out in person, to reconnoitre the trenches—surrounded by a continued volley from the cannon of the ramparts, fell the valiant Charles.

This extraordinary man—inured, from his infancy, to the severest hardships of a military life; capable of enduring the most excessive labors; and, in the execution of any grand design, which his bold and enterprising soul had aspired to—always shewed to his soldiers, by his example, what perseverance could effect. His natural inflexibility of temper, which very early discovered itself, continued with him through life; and he never desisted from an undertaking, until he had completed it: His unbounded liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined his countrymen; and his courage, which always bordered upon excess, was the cause of his premature death. Although possessed of those exalted virtues, which would have gained any other prince everlasting honor; yet the great excess to which he always carried them, eventually proved the cause of great misfortunes to his country.

Princeton College,
December 13th, 1803.

EDWIN.

FOR THE HIVE.

IT has frequently been made a subject of discussion, whether a representative, in any legislative body, should be governed, in his legislative capacity, by the will of his constituents, in preference to his own? And there are not a few, under every government, not totally despotic, who maintain the affirmative. To shew the absurdity of this doctrine, and the pernicious effects, which would result from it, shall be the subject of this paper.

In all governments, partaking of the republican form, every man is supposed a free agent, and ought to be, in some measure, his own governor: In such a case, therefore, citizen and legislator are terms convertible: and the one cannot be supposed without the other, unless we admit of an absurdity. Hence in a state, whose territory is small and the people not numerous, it has been usual for all the citizens, to meet in one common place and there enact such laws and make such regulations, as might conduce to their welfare. This method of legislation was more peculiarly practised among the petty republics of Greece, and in the Roman commonwealth, in its primeval state; and in modern times, in the petty republic of Saint Marino. But the bad effects of this species of government was soon felt. When territory increased and laws multiplied, much wisdom and great deliberation were requisite, to prevent revolt, on the one hand and licentiousness on the other. Add to this, that with time increased population, and with acquisition of territory, by conquest, luxury. Hence in those assemblies where formerly resided peace, foresight and deliberation; discord, contention and anarchy ensued: And the boasted freedom of Athens and Rome fell prostrate at the feet of a Pericles and a Caesar. To obviate these inconveniences, representative governments were established; in which it is so ordered that the people shall do that by their deputies, which it is impossible to effect in person.

From this short view of the original of government by representation, many persons take it for granted, that because the people have, inherently, the right of making laws in their collective capacity, that this right, though transferred in a representative, ought to be considered as themselves; and that the representative ought to be guided, in his political conduct, as their passions and opinions dictated. Nay it is supposed, by many, that the very term representative meant one, invested with the will and disposition of his constituent. With regard to this latter opinion we shall say nothing: because, in the very nature of things, it would be supposing an impossibility. For it is well observed by the celebrated theorist M. Rousseau, as quoted by another theoretical writer,* that "the

deputies of the people cannot be its representatives; they are merely its attorneys." And that "the essence of that authority (sovereign or legislative authority) is the general will, and will cannot be represented." It therefore must follow, that a representative means one appointed to ascertain the true political interests of his constituents; and with the assistance of his own judgment and information, to act in such a manner as will conduce most to the furtherance of their interest; unless they contravene those of the community. And in this sense the word must have been taken, by the framers of our constitution; and is so received by the majority of our citizens.

But to advert to the doctrine, that a representative ought to be guided by the will of his constituents, in preference to his own. This is no less fallacious than the former relative to the term representative. For we take it as a received opinion that from the moment any one man is elected to represent any body of men, from that moment all their political opinions, whether local or general, are vested in him by a kind of magical operation: And therefore he is not considered as the representative of that county or district solely, from which he is sent, but of the state. And to this effect speaks Sir William Blackstone, when he observes, that "every member, though chosen by one particular district, when elected and returned, serves for the whole realm. For the end of his coming thither is not particular but general; not barely to advantage his constituents but the common wealth." "And therefore," adds the same author, "he is not bound, like a deputy of the United Provinces, to consult with or take the advice of his constituents upon any particular point, unless he himself thinks it proper or prudent so to do."

But further, should this doctrine become general,—and indeed when we view the humiliating aspect which some of our legislative assemblies already bear, our fears might induce us to think, that it will become so—it would have the most dangerous effect, in the deliberations of the public councils of our country. The passions and jarring interests of individuals, and the jealousy and party animosity of particular states, would ever guide the decisions of legislators. We should then see the open, firm, and manly representative, yield to the hypocritical, weak, and pusillanimous "man of the people;" freedom of thought and action crouch to the despotism of coercion; the freedom of legislative bodies restrained, and our happy constitution exposed to the turbulence and licentiousness of ancient democracies. Nay such an adherence, in a representative, to the will of the people, is repugnant to the very nature of a republican government. To enact laws, for the government of freemen, it is necessary that freemen should have made

them: But can he be called free, whose conduct is shackled by the opinion of others, and who is the mere passive tool of the unsteady multitude? If such an one possess freedom, 'tis the freedom of the mastiff, who haughtily wore the honorable chains which his master imposed upon him, and not the freedom of a republican. C L.

Lancaster, December 28, 1803.

"Hail wedded Love! no Liberty can prove,
"So sweet as Bondage with the Wife we love."

MARRIED, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, Mr. CHESTER C. SMITH, to Miss ANN HUBLER, daughter of the late Mr. Bernard Hubley, of this borough.

From Hudson, November 22.

On Thursday morning last, twenty-three waggons arrived in Hudson from New-Lebanon, loaded with provisions, &c. which, together with 300 dollars in specie, is a donation from the small community of Believers, (vulgarly called Shakers) of New-Lebanon and Hancock, to the corporation of New-York, for the relief of the poor of that city. While we record with pleasure, such an instance of liberality, we forbear expressing our feelings on the occasion. The deed speaks for itself; and every person acquainted with the unostentatious character of the generous donors, must be sensible that it was not done for praise-sake. But we have strong motives for mentioning such a deed. We wish to shew the proud rich man an example worthy of his imitation. Therefore, if he has a heart to feel, let him "go, and do likewise."

The above mentioned donation, we understand, consisted of the following articles:—Three hundred dollars,* specie; 853 lb. pork; 1951 lb. beef; 1744 lb. mutton; 1685 lb. rye flour; 52 bushels rye; 24 do. beans; 179 do. potatoes; 34 do. carrots; 2 do. beats; 2 do. dried apples.

* Exclusive of 26 dollars 50 cents, intended for the payment of expence of freighting the articles from Hudson to New-York.

Polemic Society.

Lancaster, Dec. 24, 1803.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed:—

"Is Celibacy more conducive to Happiness than Matrimony?"

And after a lengthy debate, it was unanimously determined in the negative.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"Should any Crime be punished with Death?"

An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, at this office.—He will receive good treatment.

* Godwin;—Political Justice.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Mr. M'DOWELL,

You have lately published in 'The Hive,' some interesting little pieces, calculated to shew the horrible and calamitous effects of war. Productions of this nature, that tend alike to excite our sensibility and mend our hearts, are peculiarly deserving of notice. But, however affecting *general* descriptions of misery may be, they cannot be equally so with *individual* instances of it. The celebrated Sterne has proved the truth of this assertion, in his description of the prisoner. The following tale possesses these requisites in a high degree, having the most poignant individual distress for its basis. If you shall deem this *morceau* (which first appeared in an English newspaper) worthy of preservation, your giving it a place in 'The Hive,' will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, Lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless Orphan's tale:

Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!

Yet, I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an Orphan Boy!

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came—
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me, a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears;
"Rejoice, Rejoice!" still cried the croud—
My mother, answer'd with her tears!

"O why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy!

"What is an Orphan Boy?" I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd! I shriek'd for aid:
But ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since, I will not tell;
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah! Lady, I have learn'd too well,
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Ah! were I by your bounty fed—
Nay gentle Lady do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
The Sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady, you weep;—what is't you say?—
You'll give me cloathing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents; look, and see,
Your happy, happy Orphan Boy!

ANDREW JONES.

BY W. WARDSWORTH.

I HATE *that* Andrew Jones: He'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage;—
I wish the press-gang, or the drum
With its Tantara sound, would come,
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tittle;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling, helpless wretch
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground
For it had long been drougthy weather:
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust, 'till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanc'd that Andrew pass'd that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stoop'd and took the penny up:
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
"What a man finds is all his own,
"And so my friend good day to you."

And hence I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wish'd the press-gang, or the drum
With its Tantara sound, would come
And sweep him from the village.

On seeing a Young Lady writing Verses with
a Hole in her Stocking.

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly is shocking;
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your Stocking.

HUMORIST.

AN Irish gentleman, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hands of a banker, who took it, as common on the continent, without giving the gentleman a voucher; but lodged it in an iron chest, and gave to the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker to receive his cash, when the latter peremptorily denied having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine, and he accordingly did so, and told him the story. The minister sent for the banker, and asked him, if he had not received such a sum? The banker steadily denied. "Very well (replied M. de Sartine) then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you must continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was bro't, Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"Dear wife, you must immediately send me the sum which Mons.—, left in my hands, which was deposited originally in the iron chest, in the counting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or I shall be sent to the Bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stared—"Mon Dieu!" (said he) must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must (says the minister :) I dare say, that if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it, and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastille." The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BLUE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS
EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN
EAST KING-STREET.